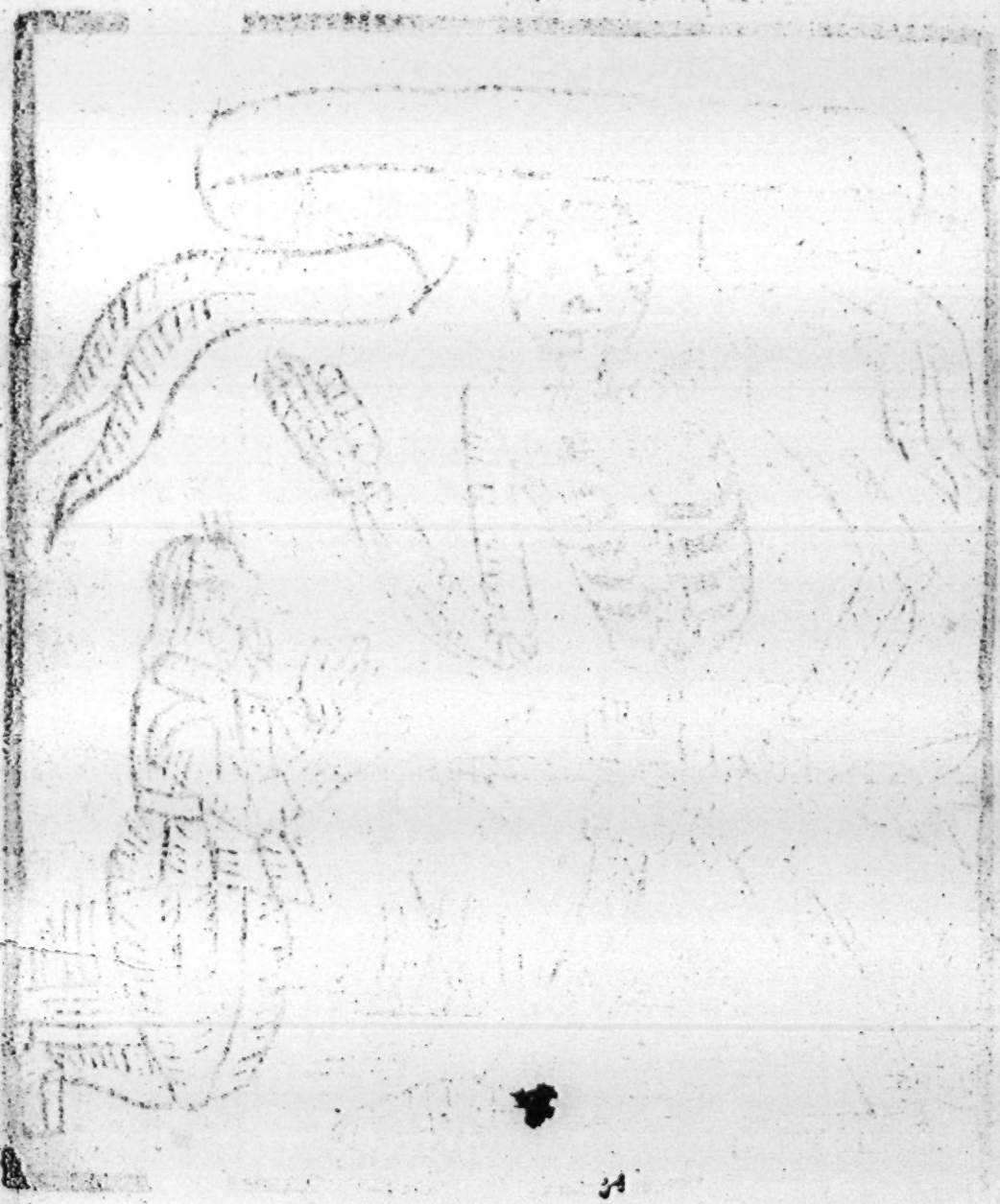
# A Dialogue between LIFE and DEATH.

Very Requiſite for the Contemplation of all Tranſitory Pilgrims, *And pi us minded Chriſtians.*



*London*, Printed for *John Wright*, at the Crown upon *Ludgate-hill*, and *Thomas Passinger*, at the three-Bibles on *London-Bridge*. 1679.



To the Worſhipful, truly Affected and no leſs meritorious, Mr. *James Biſs* Senior, Eſquire, the Author wiſheth *Grace, Mercy* and *Peace.*

SIR,

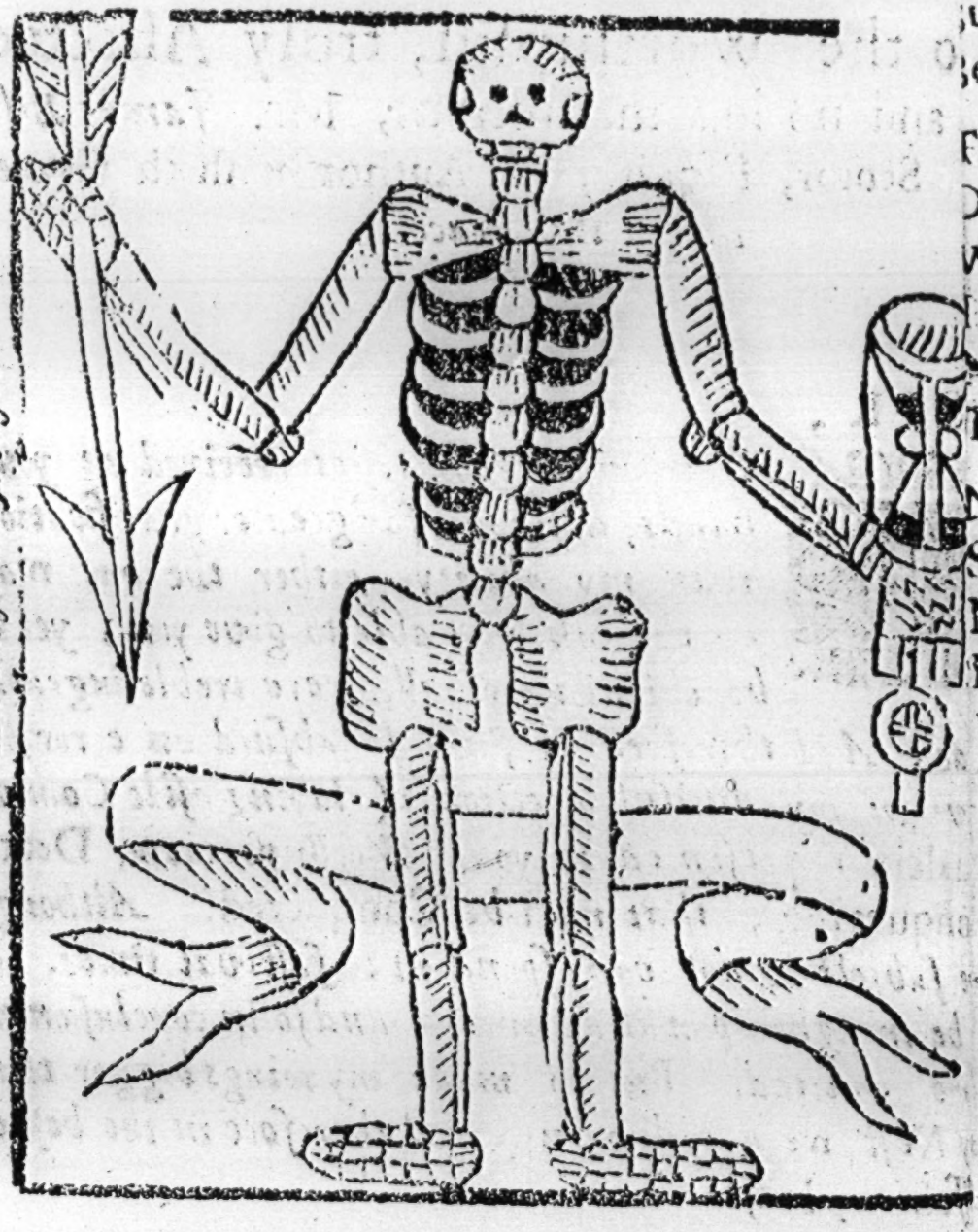
THe *manifold courteſies received at your hands, deſerve a far greater gratification than my ability, either the one way or the other is able to give you; yet to be oblivious of all, were treble ingratitude: And therefore to ſhun ſo abſurd an error, I have in my dutiful affection, (laying aſide Comick* Thaleia) *preſented to your Worſhips view,* Death Conquering, *that muſt be* Conquered. *Although the ſubject is not correſpondent to feſtival times, yet to be thought upon at all times; and ſo in concluſion no time omitted. But to make my wings bigger than my Neſt, were ridiculous, and therefore in the beſt of Affection, I reſt*

Your obliged,

*Richard Wates.*

# A DIALOGUE BETWEEN LIFE and DEATH.

The Speakers for life are *Wisdom*, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, *Youth*, and *Age*.




Death begins and proclames his Authority, from whom he is sent.

FRom th' imperial Throne of your Creator,
With this my large Commission I am sent,

# A Dialogue between &c.

My name is *Death* which moſt ſo much abhor,
And would through frailty this my ſting prevent:
But my Embaſſage no one may withſtand,
Being ſeal'd in *Eden* by th' Almighties hand.

This ſandy glaſs, which in my hand I bear,
Doth meaſure out the time of mortal man;
Which being run, with this my darting ſpear,
I bring him to the grave, both pale and wan:
Nor King, nor Keyſar, nor the ſervile ſlave,
That can be priviledged from the grave.

No golden bribes, though lean I am in ſhow,
Shall cauſe me at fond Worldlings once connive,
Nor pleading Oratour (whoſe wiſdom flow,
Like to bright *Pallas*) ſhall his date ſurvive:
Where is brave *Hector*, *Pompey*, *Alexander?*
Why, gone by me who am the worlds commander.

There's not a day doth paſs, but I do bring
A fulfil'd catalogue of the Dead's name
Unto your dreadful Lord and heavenly King,
Some to their conſolations, ſome their ſhame:
Where, in a book of braſs, the total ſum
Are all recorded, till the judgment come.

The utmoſt Region of the earth I tread,
To find the *Chriſtian*, *Pagan*, fair and foul:
Millions of millions living I leave dead
Some with a bleſſed, ſome a Curſed ſoul;
I cannot give omittance for an hour
Having my charge from the Eternal power.

# A Dialogue between

## *Death's thy Advantage.*



*Death ſpeaks to Youth.*

THou that art Youthful, and art newly come
To ſpeak the prologue of a greater ſum:
Yet e're thy ſpeech be ended, Death doth ſpy
The period of thy ſand, *and then muſt dye!*

*Youth pleads for it ſelf.*

BUt *I* am Young, and in the prime of days,
Then were it not ingratitude in thee
To nip the Garland of my new-grown Bayes,
Before it come to full maturity ?
*I* am not threeſcore years and ten, nay more
*I* may ſurvive, ere nature gives me o're.

Had we not example late in Father *Parr*,
That liv'd a hundred forty and twelve years ?
Although times Glaſs to few do run ſo far,
Yet men of fourſcores gate there oft appears.
Then were it not meer cruelty in Death,
For to bereave my youthful dayes of breath?

Ah ! let me live that *I* the World may know,
And reap the joyes my aged Sire hath ſown :
Let Death to ſome ſick pined perſon go,
Whoſe heavy yoak doth make his heart to groan ;
Upon my Youth feed not thy malice fell,
Till *I* have drunk at *Ariſtotles* well.

*Death anſwers Youth.*

ALas poor Youth ! haſt thou not often ſeen
The ſilly Lamkin to the Market come,

Before his dam? true 'tis thy dayes are green,
And now but entring to a greater sum:
But as the dayes and hours, and months and year
Come on upon thee, so come on thy cares.

Not to abridge thy youthful dayes of life
Is malice shown; but now to cut thee down,
Is the road way to set thee free from strife,
And add unto thy soul a lasting Crown:
I shall acquit thee from a World of sins,
Which longer dayes (in losing) greatly wins.

And ah! wert thou but capable to know
The intricate designs of mortal man;
Now he is in the gulph of grief and woe,
Dogg'd at the heels with sad despair, and than
Perhaps rais'd high on proud ambitious wing,
Whilst he forgets his God and Heavenly King.

Nor may *I* dally with thy tender dayes,
*I* must dispatch my errand being sent,
Then fear not silly Youth, *I* bring thee joys,
And free thee from all earthly discontent.
See, see, thy glass is run, take here this sheet,
And lay thee down at Deaths triumphant feet.

# Life and Death.

*O happy Cha ge!*



EVen ſuch is man, that lives by breath,
Each moment changing unto Death.

*Ariſe,*




*Death ſpeaks to Wiſdom.*

THou that haſt Wiſdom, and doſt apprehend
As much as to poor mortal men doth tend:
And righily canſt diſcern Earth, Sea, and Sky;
Yet man for all this Wiſdom's *born to dye.*

*Wiſdo*

*Wiſdom pleads for itſelf.*

CAnnot my large Apologies acquit
My body from thy rage and cruel ſtroak?
Cannot my pregnant and ingenious wit
Study a new found way to ſlip thy yoak?
Cannot the Muſes and deep Arts divine,
Prevent the cruel blow Death doth aſſign?

Nor yet the knowledg of my mothers breaſt,
(*Oxford* and *Cambridge*) not one way deviſe
For to eſcape thee? or ſhould *I* requeſt
With tears of purple blood from weeping eyes?
Or with Orations fram'd from Art moſt high,
Enough to pierce the ten-fold Orbs and Sky?

*Death anſwers Wiſdom.*

HAd *Jove* begot thee in *Minerva's* arms,
And had'ſt more learning than e're mortal yet,
Or wert thou drench'd whereas the Muſes ſwarms,
With holy raptures; yea, and round beſet
With Angels for thee, yet know that *I* am
Inexorable to them, or to man.

Where's *Solomon*, that wiſe beloved King?
Prophets and prediviners, Where are they?
Did not this imperial hand ſoon bring
Their bodies to be lodg'd in beds of clay?
And ſo muſt thine: for loe, thy glaſs is run,
No Wiſdom can preſerve thee, Death being come.

# A Dialogue between

*What not Dye thou piece of proud Earth?*



*Death speaks to Beauty.*

THou that hast Beauty, Princely hearts to move
Enough to make cold Death in fiery love;
Yet know fair Dame, the beauty of thine eye
Must be Eclipsed, *being born to dye.*

*Beauty pleads for it self.*

STay thou devouring Tyrant and behold
Beauty unparallel'd within my face;
Then art thou not too cruel and too bold,
That seek'st to fair a Creature to deface?
Know thou bare 'natomy, *I* have subdu'd
The greatest *Monarch* through my *Pulchritude*.

*I* am not fit to lodge with one so poor,
So lean and ugly every bone appears:
I am indear'd to Princes, and therefore
Not fit for raw-bon'd Death these sixty years;
'Tis but the spring-time of my blooming age,
Acting my first Scene on this mortal stage.

*Death answers beauty.*

POor Earth and Ashes, can thy weal n ss boast
Of thar, that in one minute doth decay?
Dost thou not note in every Clime and Coast,
The Lilly, and the fragrant flower of May?
Yet pluck them from their stalk, then shalt thou see
Their beauties fade within one days degree.

Where's *Hester*, *Judith*, and the late *Jane Shore*,
With *Rosamond* (that so admired Dame?)
All turn'd to dust and with them thousands more,
That in their times did sound the trump of fame.
Then cease to vaunt of beauty, or of birth,
For thou this night must lodge with me in earth,
A sudden change to beauty, youth and mirth.

Thou



*Thou art but as a Straw.*

*Death ſpeaks to Strength.*

THou that haſt ſtrength beyond the common ſort,
Skill, and agility grac'd with report:
And (like to *Ajax*) with the beſt dar'ſt vye,
Yet know brave champion, *Man is born to dye.*

*Strength pleads for it ſelf.*

MY Cogitations cannot ſtoop ſo low,
As give a paſſage to the thought of death,
ince in the vigour of my ſtrength I grow,
ble to caſt down weak ones with my breath.
n all my life I never knew diſeaſe,
ut every day brings firmity with eaſe.

n fields of blood before proud *Mars's* face,
have cut down whole ranks of armed men,
egardleſs of pale Death in every place,
nd this anew corroborates me agen;
ea it emboldens me ſo far from fears,
eeming to ſay be ſtrong theſe many years.

*Death anſwers Strength.*

STout-ſeeming weak, one leaſt touch of this dart
Appales thy courage, and thy ſtrength impairs,
Tis not a ſelf-conceit of thy ſtrong heart
ffronts lean champion Death in his affairs;
Nor yet thy conquer'd field can make thee live,
f Death bid come, thou muſt the conqueſt give.

laſt not thou read of *Sampſon* in his time,
*oliah* and the *Anakims* beſide?
What are they now but turn'd to duſt and ſlime,
With many more that in their ſtrength took pride.
did arreſt them, and with that ſame mace
here arreſt thee for the ſelf ſame place.

# A Dialogue between

*O how bitter is Death!*



*Death speaks to Wealth.*

THou that hast golden Crowns lockt in thy che
(And avarice more dear in thy wrath)
Yet all those heaps of Gold they cannot buy
Of Death one minutes time, *being born to dye.*

Wh

*Wealth pleads for it self.*

CAnnot my bags of gold with Death prevail?
Though I bring millions to escape thy stroak,
So to be privileged from the jail,
And not be subject to thy painful yoak:
I'le give thee all my revenews beside,
So I in *Golgotha* may not be spi'd.

Take Crown and Scepter on the same condition,
Jewels and Accoutrements take them all,
So that my name from out thy strict commission
Be wholly cancell'd that I never fall:
Thy looks are terrible, hideous, and thin,
That makes me tremble at my former sin.

*Death answers to Wealth.*

WEre all the Mines that in the earth do lye,
Digg'd, and converted unto useful coyn;
Jewels and treasure that your Merchants buy
In lands adjacent, or beyond the line:
Yet all were far too litle to suffice,
For why? Man's life cannot be bought with price.

*Dives* was rich, *Pirrhus* a Crown did wear,
*Cræsus* had millions, yet one touch of mine
Did cause them all tremble with inward fear,
When wealth, and Life at once they must resign.
Go change thy bags of gold for one poor sheet
And lay thee down at Death's triumphant feet.

# A Dialogue between

*Only a grave remaineth for thee.*



*Death ſpeaks to old Age.*

THou that a hundred winters haſt o'regon,
Living to ſee thy Daughters daughters ſon
(And many imperfections make thee cry;)
Yet 'tis infallible, all Fleſh muſt Dye.

*Age pleads for it ſelf.*

Full fourſcore years of age I am at leaſt,
And yet the frailty of my fleſh deſires
Thoſe fourſcore years may further be increaſt;
But then conſidering how my ſenſes tire,
I wiſh for Death, for why? I feel
Full many griefs, even from my crown to heel.

"Bald is my head where once my hair took place,
"Dotage poſſeſſeth the better part of ſence,
"My dried gums ſtand for my teeths defence,
"Furrows and wrinkles grow within my face:
"The port-holes of my ears are ſtop'd up quite,
"A cloudy dimneſs hath o'reveil'd my ſight.

"My feet and ancles weak and feeble are,
"That hardly can my upper parts ſupport;
"My legs and thighs and arms that brawny were,
"Now lank, and thin, and lean appeareth for't:
"My inward parts do feelingly conſume,
"Through Tiſſick, Cough, continual Coldneſs,
"Rheum.

"My form grows crooked, ſtooping to the ground,
"Stinking my breath, my joynts they tremble all,

" A teasly Choler in me doth abound,
" Yea, my whole *Microcosm* begins to fall;
" And yet methinks (through fear) that I co
" crave
" One year or two forbearance from the grave.

*Death answers old Age.*

WOnder of wonders, that thy frame of clay
Thy stinking carkass, and a trunk decay'
Should have desire to one poor future day;
O! rather wish my stroak be not delai'd;
Thy strength it is impair'd through grief a
pain,
As born a child, become a child again.

Thy Glass is run, and nature gives thee o're,
Earth must to earth, untill the trump shall sound,
See thy Sands period, not one minute more
Thou must survive; there's thy deadly wound,
Youth, Wisdom, Beauty, Strength, Wealth, n
old Age,
That can the fury of stern Death asswage.

# Life and Death.

*Do good while you have time.*

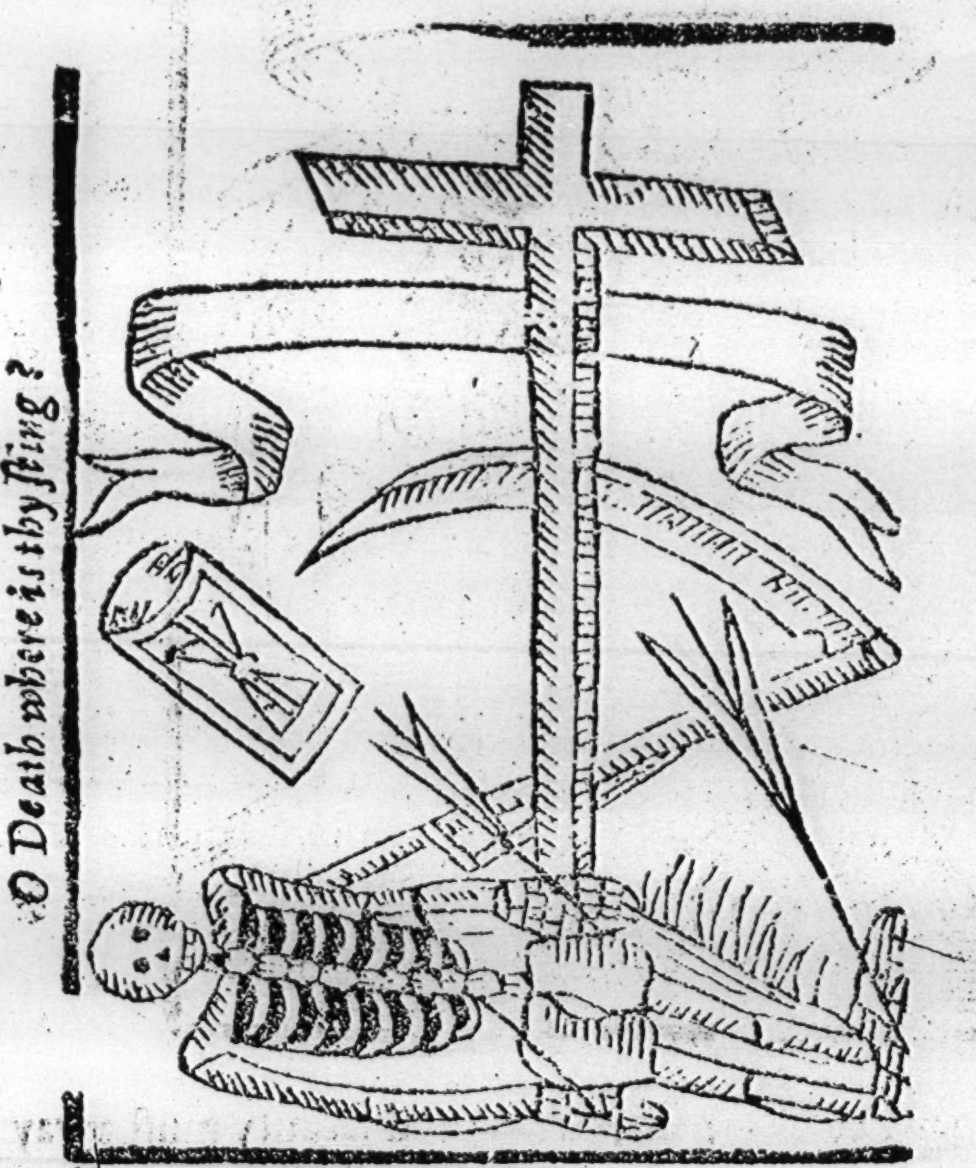


*After death there is no hope.*

THus Wiſdom, Strength, and Beauty muſt away,
Wealth, Youth, and Age muſt Champion Death
obey:
But a pure conſcience, and ſound Faith remains,
Whilſt Death lies captiv'd in perpetual chains.

# A Dialogue between

*O Death I will be thy death.*




*A voice of Exultation by old Time.*

FOrbear proud Challenger, thy gain's but loss,
Thy Conquest and thy Victory must end:

Haſt thou forgot who ſuffered on the Croſs,
That all believers ſhould to heaven aſcend?
And at thy downfal ſhall loud voices ſing,
*Death where's thy Conqueſt? Hell where's thy ſting?*

When thou ſhalt ſwallowed be to the abyſs
O black *Gehenna*, and the gulf of woe,
Then ſhall the voice of *comfort*, *joy*, and *bleſs*
*Be to the bleſſed: Come and with me go*
*Into my father's Kingdom, and receive*
What neither *Death* nor *Time* ſhall from you
(reave.

## *Death's Acclamation.*

WHo can aſſiſt me with a flood of tears?
I may guſh out whole rivers from mine eyes,
And ſighs by millions, at the voice I hear;
That I muſt be excluded heavenly joyes;
All mortals living, whilſt you yet have breath,
*Live well* to *dye*, and *dye* to *live* through *Death*.

*Death's* Memorandum *to the middle aged.*

WHen I look in the glaſs, and note my hairs,
I ſee ſome gray, and other ſome impairs:
But looking further on record I find
My date almoſt ſumm'd up, for Man aſſign'd;
VVhich rightly noting then I ſtraight begin
To number if I could my world of ſins,
But find them numberleſs: is't not time then
To ſhake off drowſineſs, and catch my pen?
'Tis time for me, and all the world beſide,
Oyl in our Lamps with ſpeed that we provide,
Leſt that the Bride-groom come, we not prepar'd,
And ſo through Satan's Wiles become enſnar'd;
Yet think, that in uncertainties 'tis ſure,
All fleſh muſt dye, but when, none knows the hour.

## Man's Meditation.

TO Meditate of Death, and of our end,
Cannot but make us tremble to offend:
Becauſe as Death leaves us, and faſt binds us,
Judgment as infallibly will find us.

## Another.

PHyſicians know (or elſe ſhould know at leaſt)
How man's health is impair'd, and how increaſe:
Vnd oft men's lives prolong through Skill and Art,
But yet no Phyſick can withſtand Death's dart.

SIth that the Life of wretched mortal man,
Is but in length much like unto a ſpan;
What curious care then ſhould we have in this?
To ſpend one hairs breadth of that ſpan amiſs.

# A Hymn of praiſes, to the moſt bleſſed and glorious Trinity.

1.

SIng to the Lord all honour, laud, and praiſe,
that did us raiſe
From earth whereon we tread,
and being dead,
Theſe corps of earth ſhall in the earth be laid;

2.

Untill the trump ſhall ſummon us to joys,
or ſad annoys:
Then now's the fitteſt time
for to refine
This droſſie earth, and make it all divine.

3.

Sing to the Lord all honour, praiſe, and laud,
and him applaud;
Sith we through *Adam's* fall
were wretched all;
And yet through Chriſt his mercies did recall.

4.

And now through faith, to good works joyned,
ſhall live with thee,

Where Saints and Angels dwell,
if we repel
Satan's allurements, and the ſnares of hell.

5.

Sing to our Saviour Chriſt, laud, praiſe, and honour,
under whoſe banner
Let us continually fight,
as firm and right, (quite.
Till World, the Flesh, and Devil, be vanquish'd

6.

And to the Holy Ghoſt like praiſes ſing,
that doth us bring
Preſerving ſanctity,
Love and amity,
Thoughts pure, and chaſt abhorring vanity.

7.

To Father, ſon, and Holy Ghoſt as right,
by day and night,
Let us give praiſes due,
and ſtill perſue
The path that leads to bliſs; bid ſin adue.

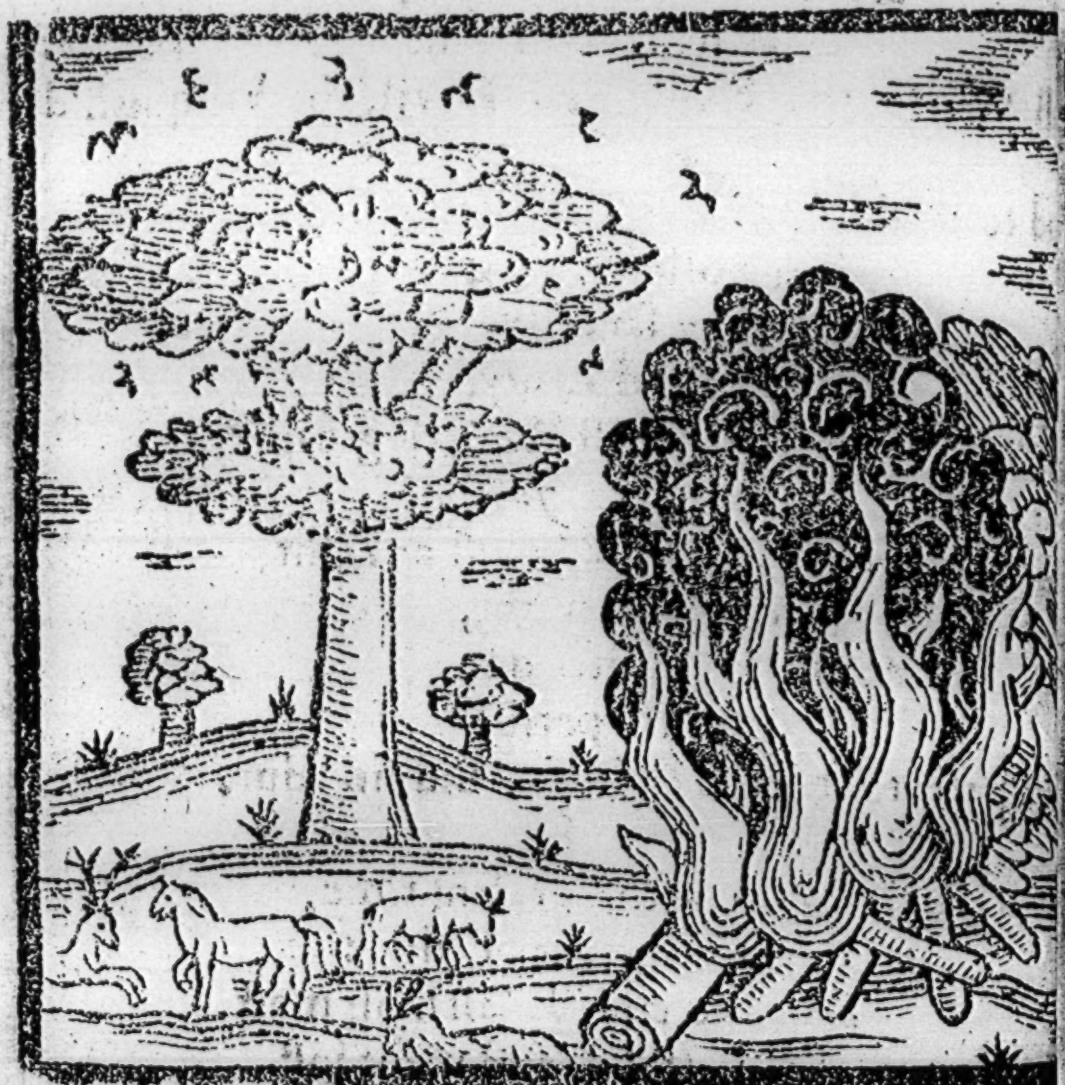
8.

Let us lay hold upon the preſent time,
Death comes in fine:
This life ended, all flesh muſt
Catch time, it paſſeth by, and uſe it juſt.

# A Dialogue between

## *Allegorical Poem.*

BEhold the towring tree, that whilome ſtood
In ſtrength and beauty bravely midſt the wood
Whoſe far ſtretch'd limbs were ſhelter for the beaſt
And likewiſe for the birds to build their neſts,



Is now hew'n down, becauſe he brought not forth
Such fruits as tend to goodneſs and to worth:
So caſt into the fire and there to be
Burn'd, and conſum'd for an ill-fruited tree.

*The Gloſs.*

THis tree is mortal man, who vainly ſpends
His time in that, which to no goodneſs tends;
The fruit his life produceth is but that,
Poor worldlings call content, the wiſe miſ-hap:
Fruit fair in ſhew; but in decoction ill,
Ere half digeſted it doth wholly kill.



The which the Landlord ſeeing, 'gan to frown,
And ſent his Wood-man Death to cut him down;
Which being done, he caſt him for his hire
Into an endleſs, and tormenting fire.

Sin-

A Dialogue between

# Sinful fear.

AS on my Death-bed (likely) that I lay,
Poſſeſs'd with trembling and amazed fear,



My ſoul being ready for to part away,
Moſt hideous apparitions did appear,

Whilſt comfort fl d me, and deſpair drew near:
To ſearch the reaſon then I did begin,
And found my preſent fear, my former ſin.

But yet then another on whom I rely,
When that hells billows are rear'd to the higheſt,
Is only him that did for ſi ners dye,
And known is by the name of *Jeſus Chriſt.*
Then vanish Satan, for I find thou lieſt,
His blood let out, with my repentant tears,
Although my body fall my ſpirit rears.

---

Duſt, Earth, and Ashes is our ſtrength,
Our Glory frail and vain,
From earth we came, to earth at length
We ſhall return again.
To day we feed on flesh of beaſts,
Of Fowls and divers Fish
To morrow for the crawling worms
Our ſelves become a Dish.
God's word doth plainly manifeſt
Our frailty what it is,
Let Faith and Prayer be the way,
To bring our ſouls to bliſs.

A Me-

## A meditation on *Death*, or nothing more uncertain than the hour of Death.

DEath is moſt certain to all living things,
To men, Beaſts, fowls, fiſh, trees, plants, flowers that ſprings.
There's nothing that's more certain unto men,
Nor more uncertain, how, or where, or when.
The ſand runs in the Glaſs, ſo runs our breath,
And every moment Life runs nearer Death.
Death's trumpet warns us, and his warning paſt,
Like flowers, or graſs, his Sithe cuts down at laſt.
Though Death be terrible to fleſh and blood,
Yet it is much advantage to the good:
To all their miſeries it is the date,
And to the Life eternal Death's the gate.
To the ungodly (by the doom ſupernal)
Death is the door unto the Death eternal,
And all that ſhall be, are, or ever was,
To endleſs joy or pain by death muſt paſs.
His coming moſt unſure, yet come he will,
And when he comes he never fails to kill.

# Life and Death.

Divers Exhortations to cauſe all men to remember their ends; taken out of Holy Scripture.

In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat thy bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it waſt thou taken: for duſt thou art, and to duſt thou ſhalt return. Gen. 2.19.



*Death's firſt ſpeech to Nature.*

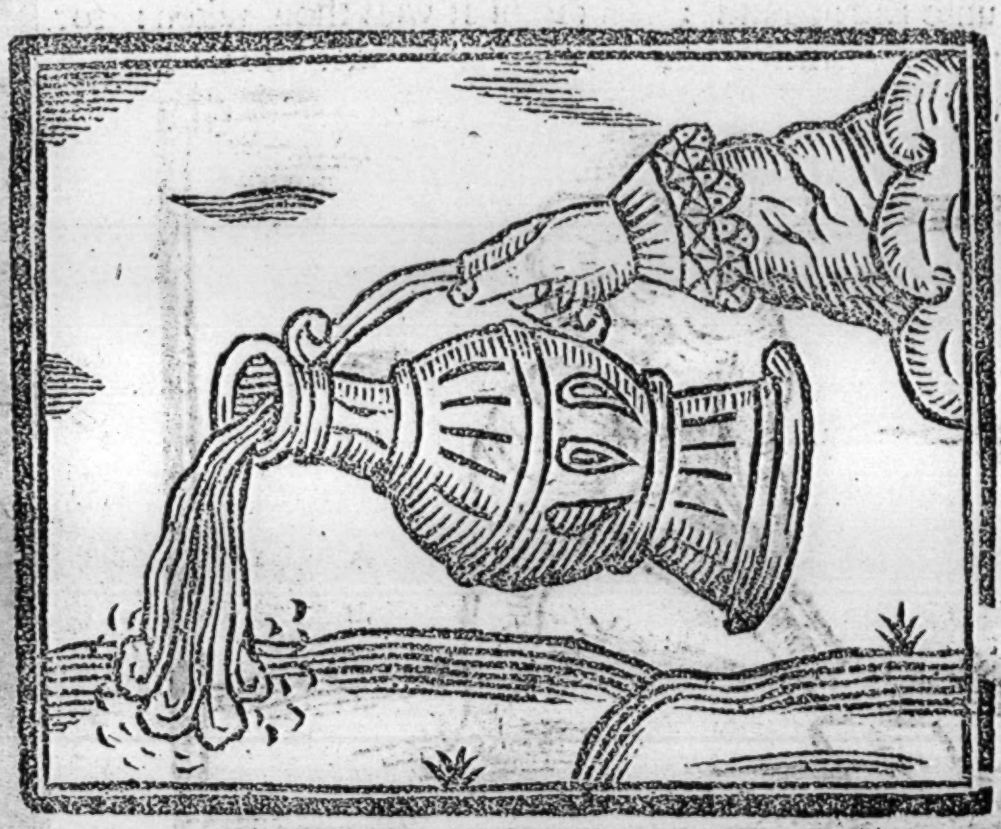
OLd *Adam* was condemn'd, and all his race,
To eat their bread in the ſweat of their face:
And Scripture ſaith, that from the duſt he came,
And back to duſt he muſt return again.
So this hard doom on *Adam's* ſons doth lye,
Firſt they muſt labour here, then after dye.

*Nature's reply.*

'Tis true, this doom to *Adam's* Sons is given,
To labour here on earth and reſt in Heaven.

# A Dialogue between

*We must needs Dye, and are as Water ſpilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again, neither doth God reſpect any perſon,* 2 Sam. 9. 14.



*Deaths ſecond ſpeech to Nature.*

AS water that is pouredon the ground,
Sinks deeply in, and can no more be found:
( For water ſpilt who can again recover ? )
Such is thy life, thou ſhalt not have another.

*Nature's reply.*

Death to thy lie, Nature makes this reply,
That being chang'd, I live after I dye.
Nature ſhall riſe from Mortality,
And live in heaven Eternally.

VV

*We are ſtrangers before thee, and ſojourners, as were our Fathers: Our dayes are as a ſhadow on earth, and there is no abiding,* 1 Chron. 29.15.



*Deaths third ſpeech to Nature.*

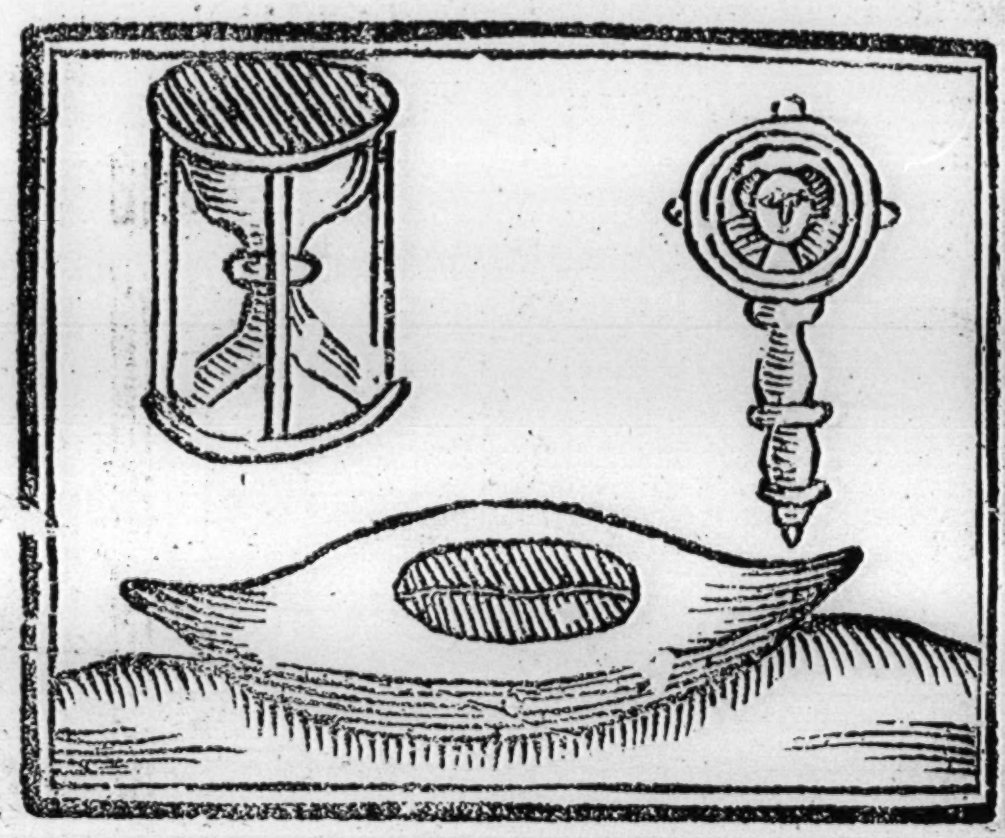
O Mortal man expect to meet with dangers,
And with hard uſage, for ye are all ſtrangers,
And ſojourners, ſuch as your fathers were,
While ye like walking ſhadows do appear;
Walking while that the Sun of life doth ſtay,
Which ſetting, ye like ſhadows flee away.

*Nature's reply.*

If man a ſhadow be, Chriſt is his ſun,
Whom he doth follow unto his Kingdom.

# A Dialogue between

*My days are ſwifter than a VVeaver's Shittle,* Job 7.6.



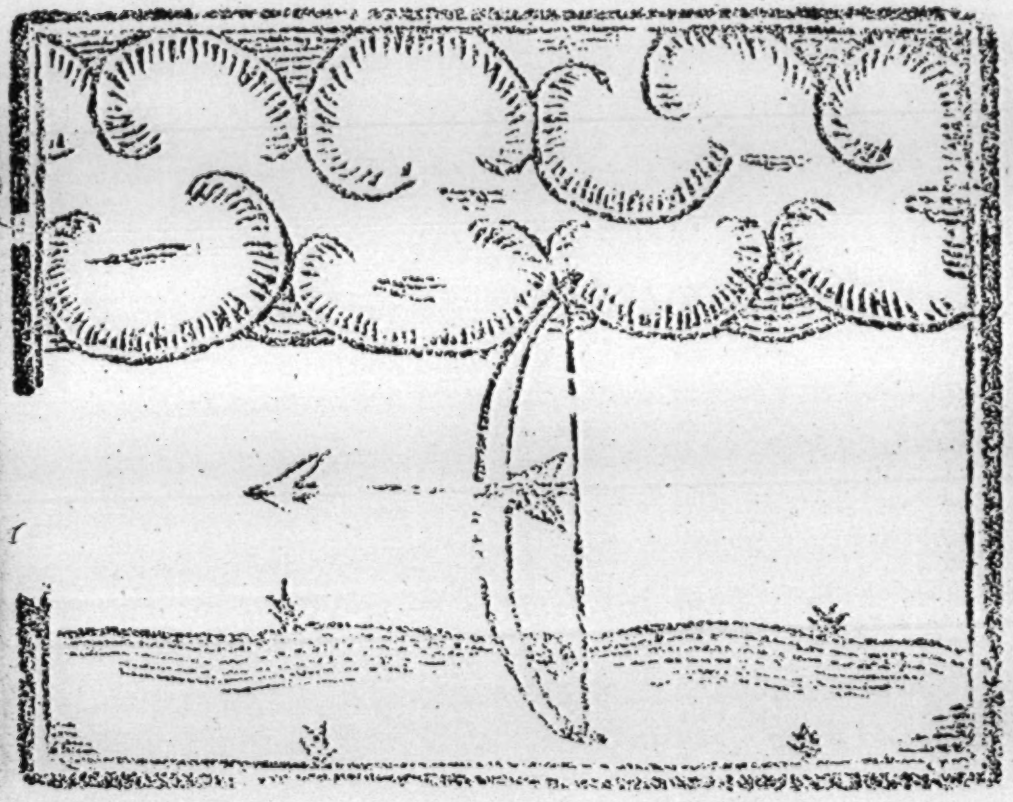
*Death's fourth ſpeech to Nature.*

TO ſhew men's days are fading and moſt fickle,
Thy days are ſwifter than a Weaver's ſhittle.
Then be not with hope of long life deceiv'd,
But know thy web of life is quickly weav'd.
For if thy hours like Weavers ſhittle run,
Thy life like to a web, will ſoon be done.

*Nature's reply.*

I care not; for when this life's web is done,
I'le Robes of Immortality put on.

*As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the Grave, shall come up no more,* Job 7. 9.



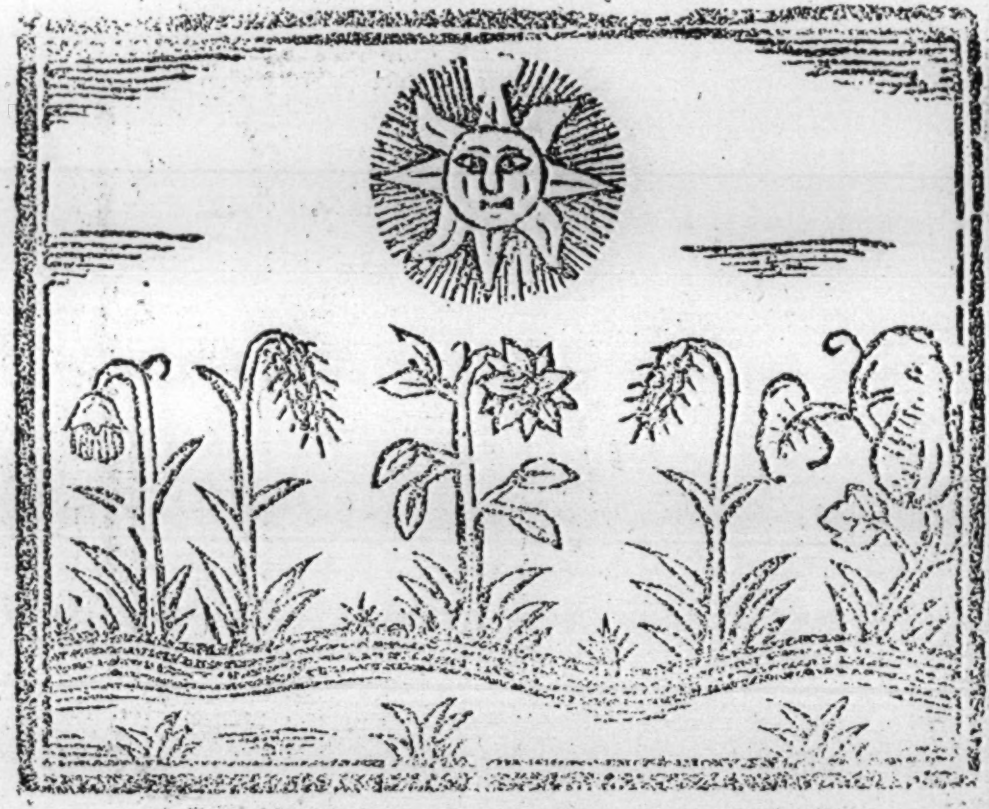
*Death's fifth speech to Nature.*

BEhold as Clouds do in a gloomy day,
Disperse, consume, and vanish clean away,
Such is man's life; yet Clouds again do rise,
But man gone to the grave, unseen there lies.

*Nature's reply.*

Man like sown seed lies in the ground unseen,
But both at last do rise again and spring.

And the voyce ſaid, Cry. And he ſaid what ſhall I cry
All fleſh is graſs, and all the goodlineſs thereof is
the flower of the field. The graſs withereth, the flow
fadeth, becauſe the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon i
ſurely the people is graſs. Eſay 40. 67.



*Death's ſixth ſpeech to Nature.*

WHat is man's Life, when every thing ma
An Emblem to him of Mortality?
He is but like the graſs, or the field-flower,
That flouriſheth, and fadeth in an hour.

*Nature's reply.*

The wicked man indeed is like to graſs,
His life doth wither away and ſoon paſs:
But thoſe that virtuouſly ſpend here their hours,
Their names ſmell ſweet on earth, like withe
flowers.

*My dayes are swifter than a Post, they fly away and I see no good.* Job 9. 25.



*Death's seventh speech to Nature.*

MAn's life is but breaths bubble at the most,
And all his days are swifter than a Post;
They fly away before they are understood,
And man in all his life doth see no good.

*Nature's reply.*

He that doth in few years to Heaven climbe,
Ends a long journey in a little time.

*Behold thou haſt made my days as an handbreath and mine age is nothing unto thee*, Pſal. 39. 5.



*Death's eighth ſpeech to Nature.*

BEhold thy days are like unto a ſpan,
Which ſtretch'd out do yield the greater pain
The hand doth ake extended at full length,
So age ſtretch'd out, yields pain & want of ſtrength

*Nature's reply.*

If I be old in grace, as well as years,
Then ages winter youthful ſpring appears

*Gather here we have no continuing City, but we ſeek one to come*, Heb. 13. 14.



*Death's ninth ſpeech to Nature.*

THough here with Lands, Wives, Houſes ye do (ſit ye,
Yet ye below have no continuing City:
But in your earthly Pilgrimage go on,
In ſeeking out a City that's to come.

*Nature's reply.*

Our new Jeruſalem in Heaven ſtands,
Which is a City that's not built with hands.

*What is our Life? it is even as a Vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.*
Jam. 4. 14.



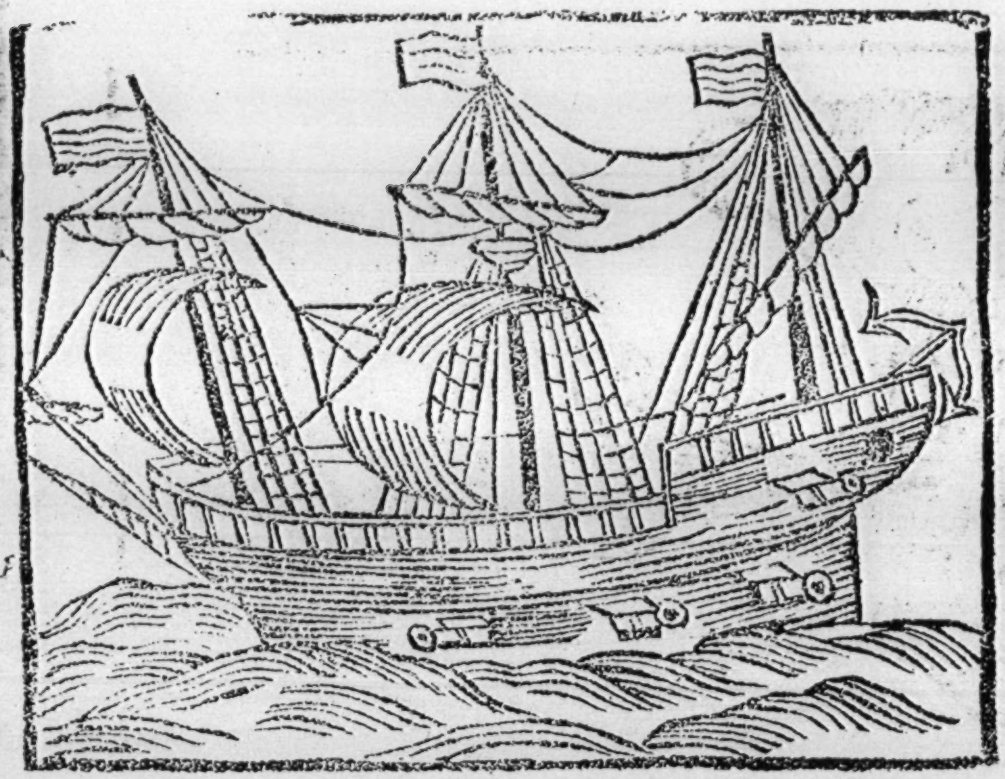
*Death's tenth speech to Nature.*

WHat is man's life? it is a burning Taper,
Or it is like unto a rising Vapour:
Both for a little time appear and stay,
But afterward, they vanish both away.

*Nature's reply.*

That life which seems a vapour proves Divine,
And like a bright Star shall in Heaven shine.

*We are passed away as a swift Ship under Sail, that hasteth to the prey, Job 9. 2.*



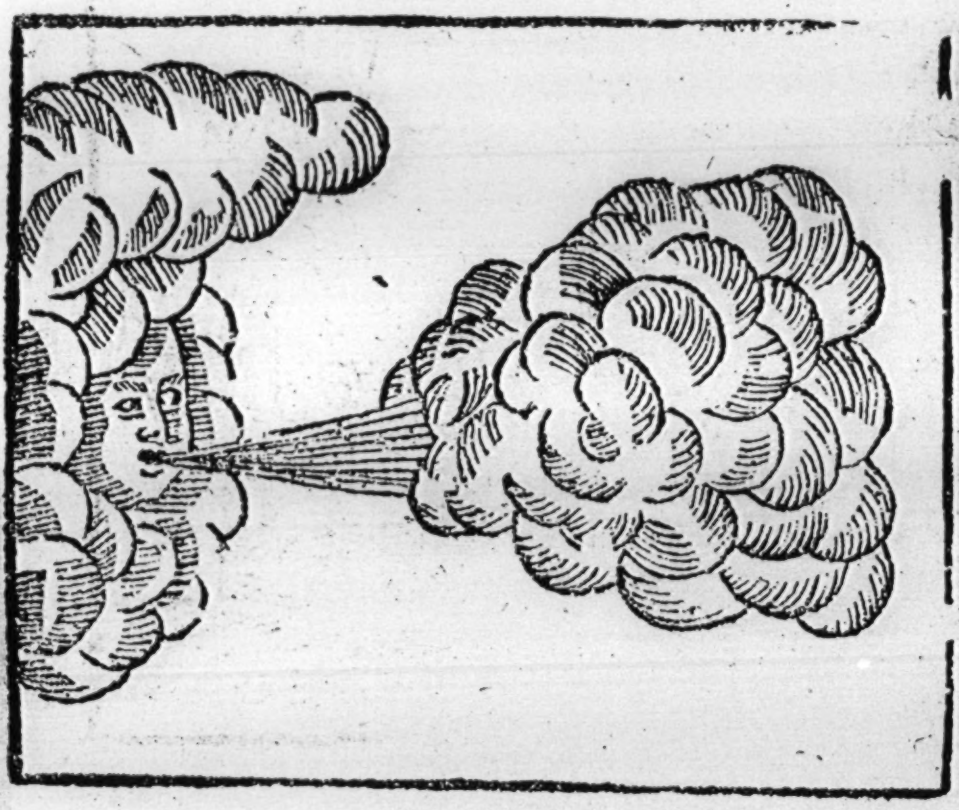
*Death's eleventh speech to Nature.*

AS a swift Ship doth on the Ocean glide,
And cut the foaming Ocean unespi'd;
Such is man's life that quickly flyes away,
Like to an Eagle hasting to his prey.

*Nature's reply.*

Man's life is like a ship bound for heaven lies,
Or like an Eagle unto Heaven flies.

*For he remembed they were but flesh, and that passeth away, and cometh not again,* Ps. 78. 39.



*Death's treefish speech to Nature.*

LAstly, remember man is flesh and wind,
Flesh to the earth for worms meat is resign'd
The wind doth pass away, man's life's the same,
That passes like wind, and comes not again.

*Nature's reply.*

Although my flesh must dye, I am not sorry:
For after death I shall enjoy Heaven's glory.

Lif

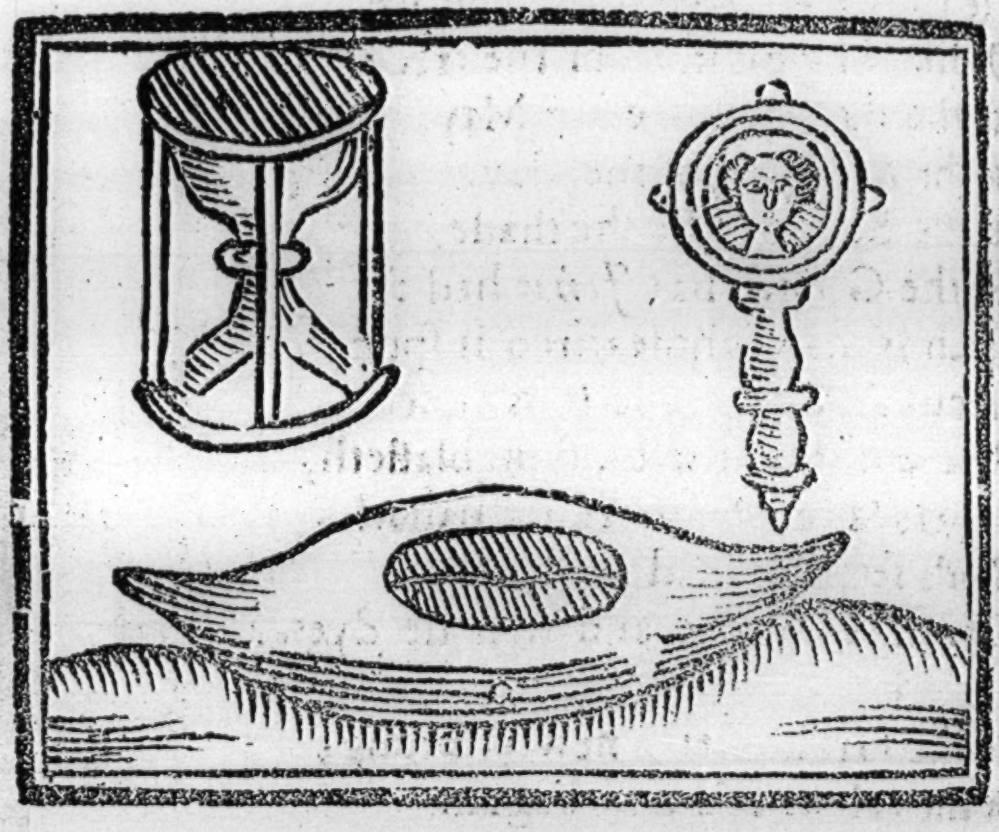
## *Life and Death.*

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
Or like the blossom of the tree:
Or like the dainty flowers in May,
Or like the Morning of the day.
Or like the Sun, or like the shade,
Or like the Goard that *Jonas* had:
Even such is man whose thred is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The Rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flowers fade, the morning hasteth;
The Sun's set, the shadow flyes,
The Gourd consumes, and man he dyes.

Like to the Grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun.
Or like a Bird that's here to day,
Or like the pearly Dew in May:
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream:
Even such is man who lives by breath,
Each moment subject unto death.
The grass withers, the Tale is ended,
The bird's flown, the dew's ascended.
The thought's past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

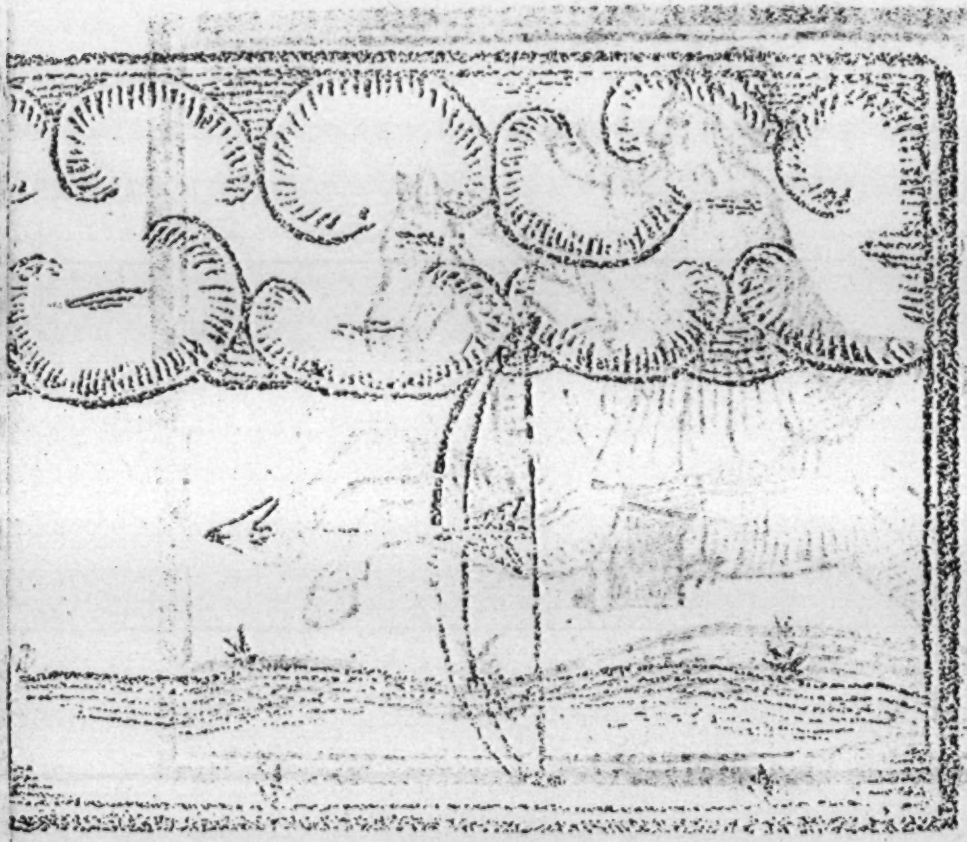
Like

Like to a Bubble in a brook,
Or in a Glaſs much like a look.



Or like a Shuttle from a Weaver's hand,
Or like a Writing in the Sand:
Or like an hour, or like a ſpan,
Or like the ſinging of a Swan.
Even ſuch is man, whoſe life is gone,
Whilſt nimbleſt tongue is telling one.
The bubble's out, the look's forgot,
The Shuttle's flung, the writing's out:
The Hour's not long, the Span's but short,
The Swan's near death, man's in like ſort.

ke to an arrow from a Bow,
r like swift course of waters flow,



r like the time 'twixt full and ebb,
r like the Spider's tender webb:
r like a Race or like a Goal,
r like the dealing of a Dole.
ven such is man, who is a breath,
here, now there, so life and death.
he Arrow's swift, the flood's soon spent,
he time no time, the webb soon rent.
he race hath end, the Goal soon done,
he Dole soon dealt, yet man first gone.

Lik

Like to the Lightning from the sky,
Or like a poſt that quick doth hye.



Or like a quaver in short ſong,
Or like a journey three dayes long.
On like a pear or like a plum,
Or like the Snow when Summer's come.
Even ſuch is man's more fading ſtate,
Which nought can match, nothing can mate.
The lightning's paſt, the poſt muſt go.
The Song is short, the journey's ſo:
The Pear ſoon rots, the Plum doth fall,
The Snow diſſolves, and ſo muſt all.

FINIS.